

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP TM



20¢ 100
JUNE
02459

DAREDEVIL

THE BLACK WIDOW



SPECIAL!
EPOCH-MAKING
100th
ISSUE!

GUARANTEE: YOU'VE NEVER READ
A STORY QUITE LIKE...
MINDSTORM!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

LOW OVER SAN FRANCISCO
BAY SWOOPS A SLEEK
AVENGER'S **QUINJET**--
ITS LONE PASSENGER--
THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER
CALLED **DAREDEVIL!**

MIND STORM!

HIS HYPERSENSITIVE
FINGERTIPS READ
THE DIALS AND METERS
HIS EYES CANNOT
SEE. AND HE KNOWS
THAT HE IS ... HOME ?

NO--NOT HOME. JUST...BACK...
ALONE, LEARNING IN THAT
WINDSWEEP COCKPIT THE
MEANING OF **SOULPAIN**.

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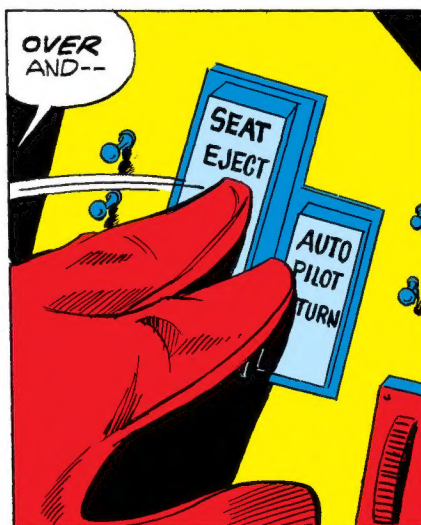
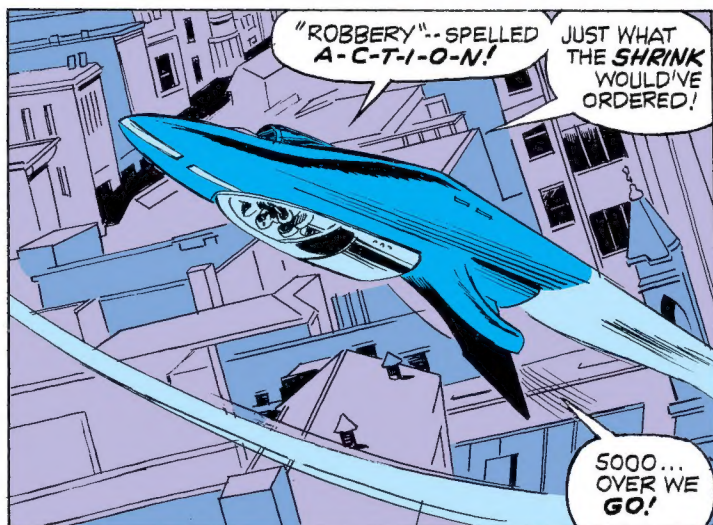
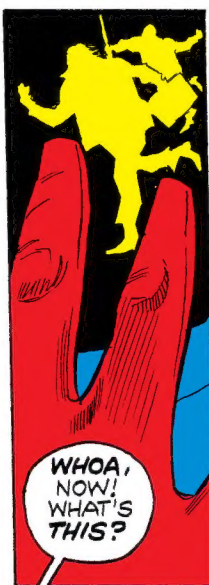
STEVE GERBER
Writer

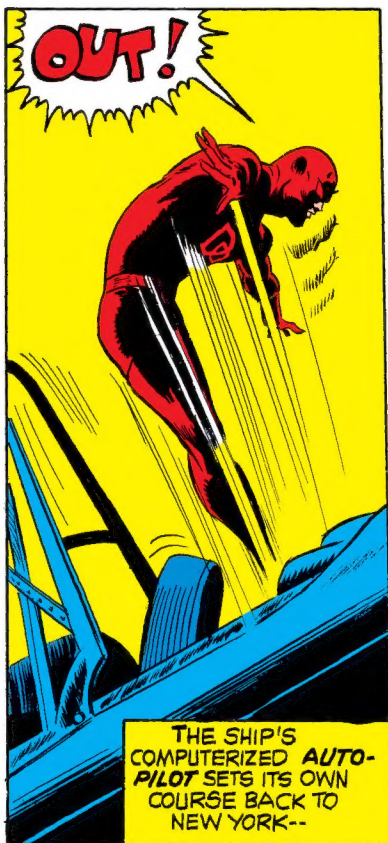
GENE COLAN
Artist

J. TARTAGLIONE
Embellisher

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
STAN G., COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
Editor





OUT!

THE SHIP'S
COMPUTERIZED **AUTO-PILOT**
SETS ITS OWN
COURSE BACK TO
NEW YORK--

--AND THE MAN
WITHOUT FEAR
WHIRLS OUT AND
AWAY, DOWN
AND
AROUND--!



FOR THE **MOMENT**, AT LEAST, HIS PAIN IS LEFT BEHIND, AS HE
GOES LAUGHING--SPINNING--SLINGING MADLY ACROSS THE
SUN! AND **THEN--**



--PANIC!!

THE **WORLD** FLASHES AWAY--AND WITH IT, **DD'S**
DELICATE **EQUILIBRIUM!**

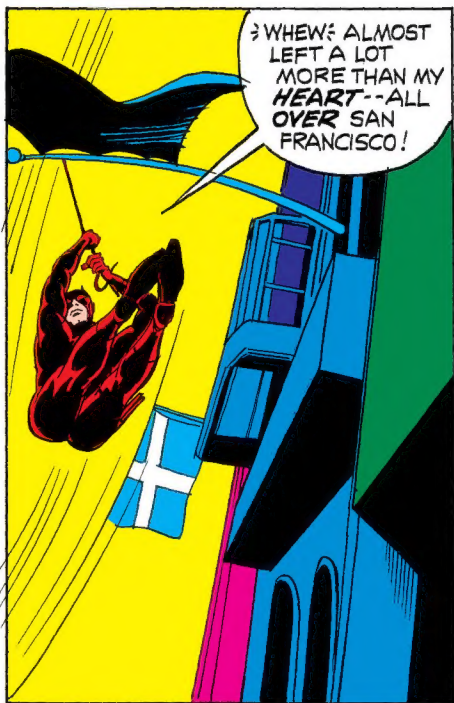


FALLING--!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME??



REALITY SNAPS BACK
SUDDENLY INTO FOCUS--
AND INSTINCTIVELY,
DESPERATELY, **DD REACTS!**



WHEW! ALMOST LEFT A LOT MORE THAN MY **HEART**--ALL OVER SAN FRANCISCO!



BUT--**WHAT** HAPPENED? FOR A SECOND, I COULD'VE **SWORN** I WAS IN--OUTER SPACE?

BETTER GET A **GRIP** ON YOURSELF--AND THE **POLE**, HERO.



ANYWAY, YONDER **ROBBERY'S** STILL IN PROGRESS.

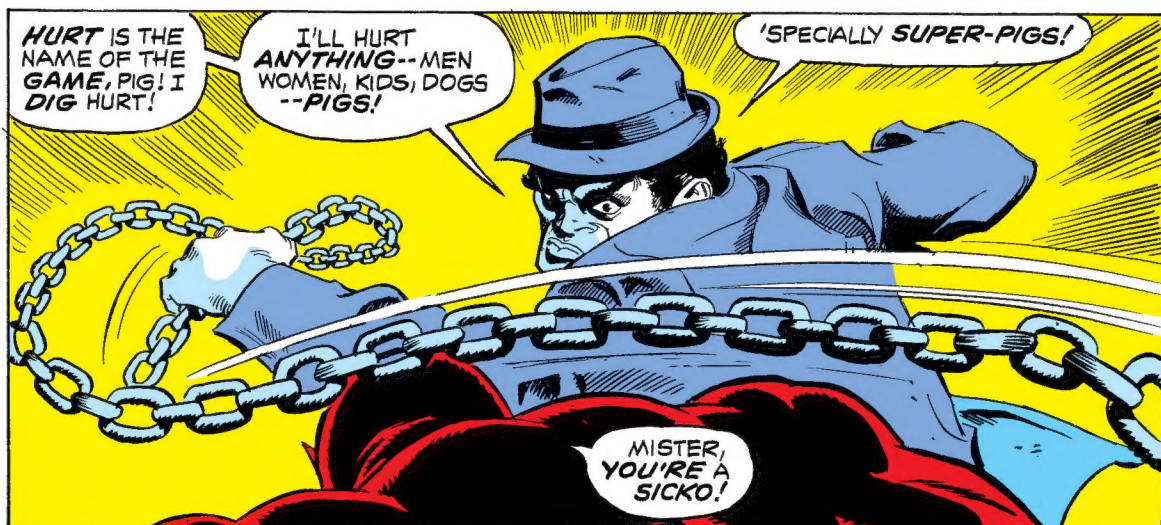
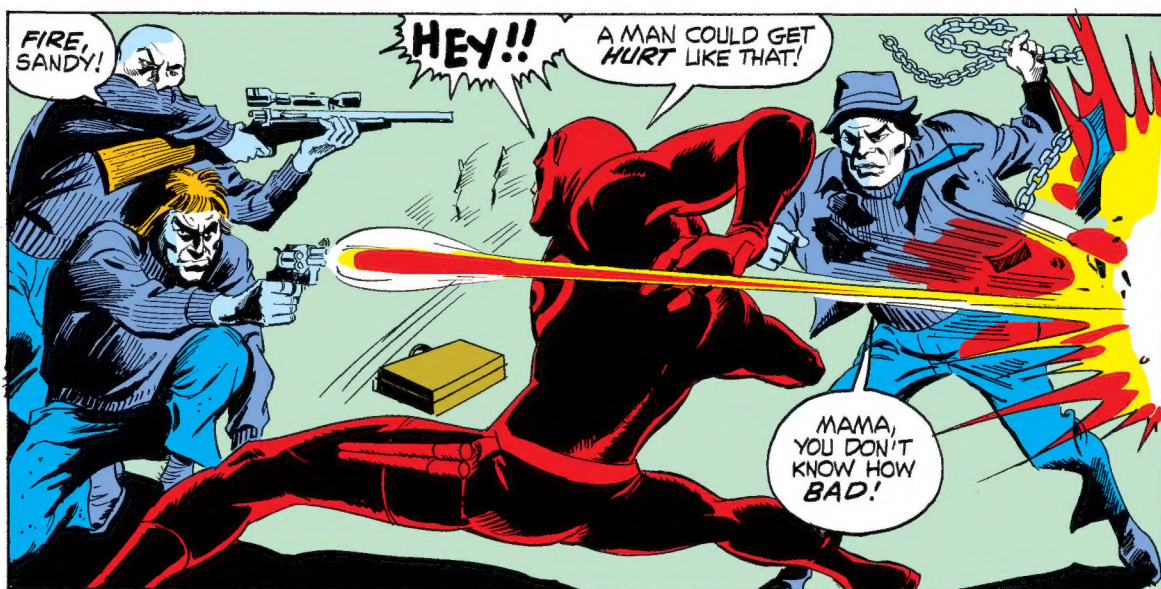
SO, I MAY AS WELL MAKE MYSELF **USEFUL**!

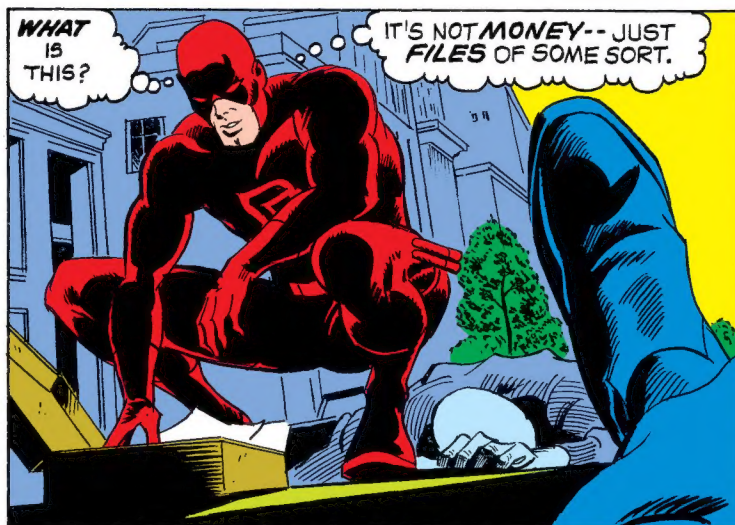
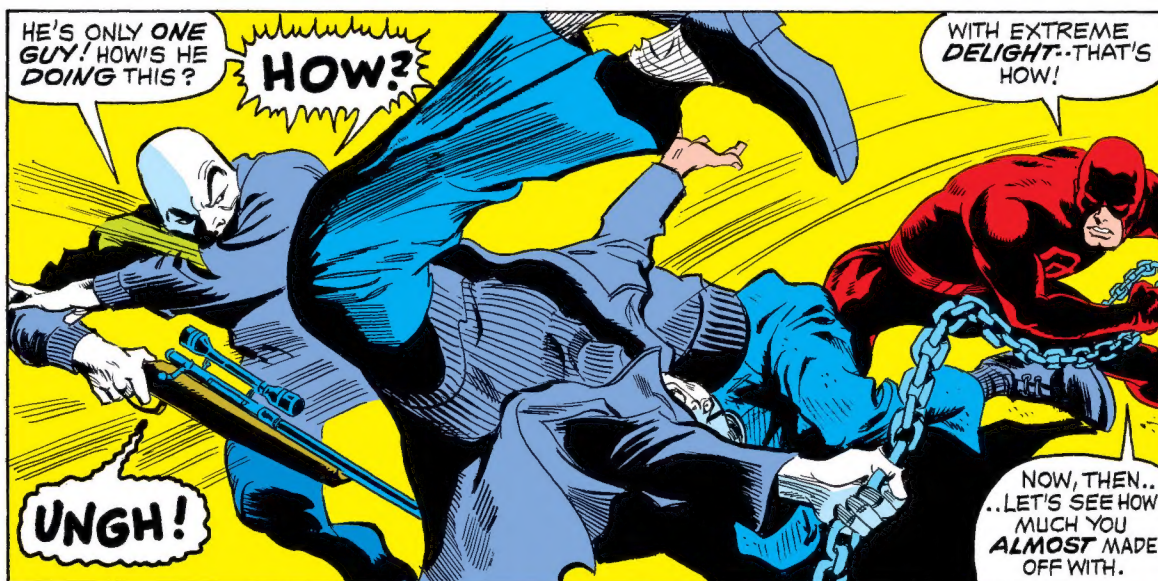
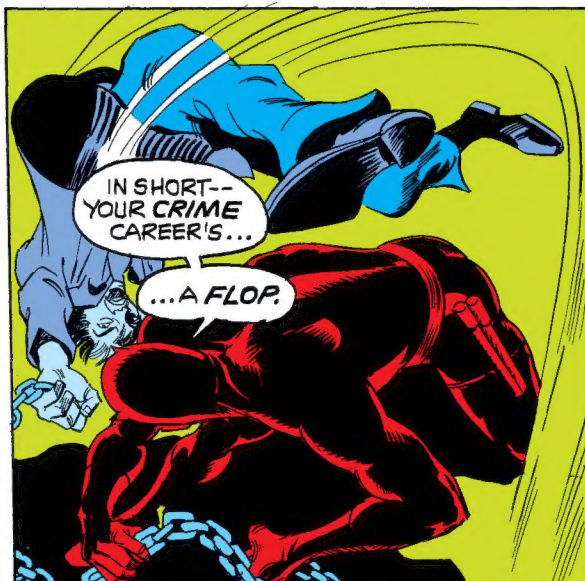


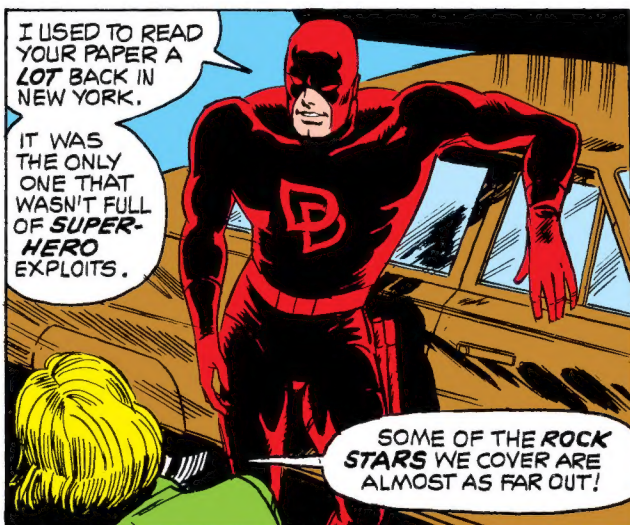
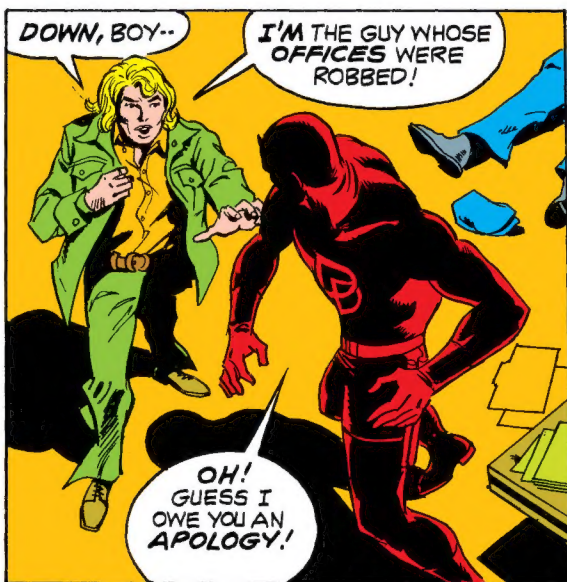
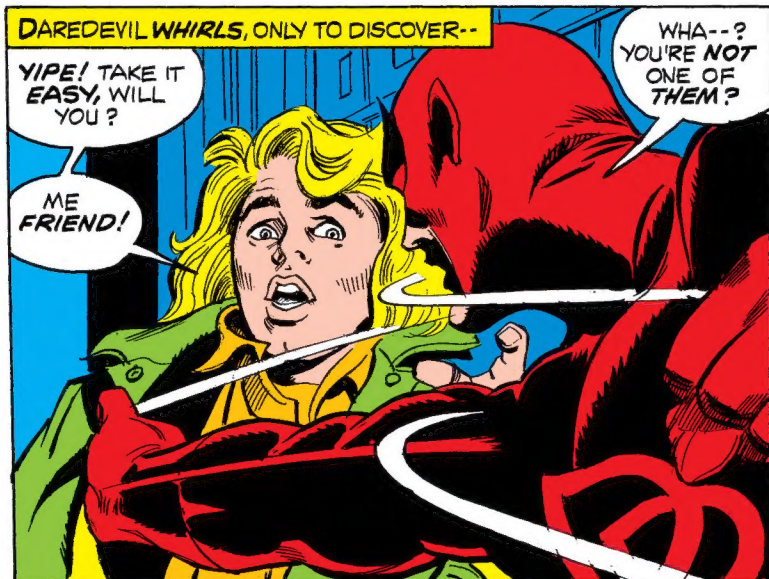
BESIDES, BETWEEN TASHA AND MY "2001" NUMBER UP THERE--I'VE GOT ONE HECKUVA **MAD** TO WORK OFF. **ERGO**--

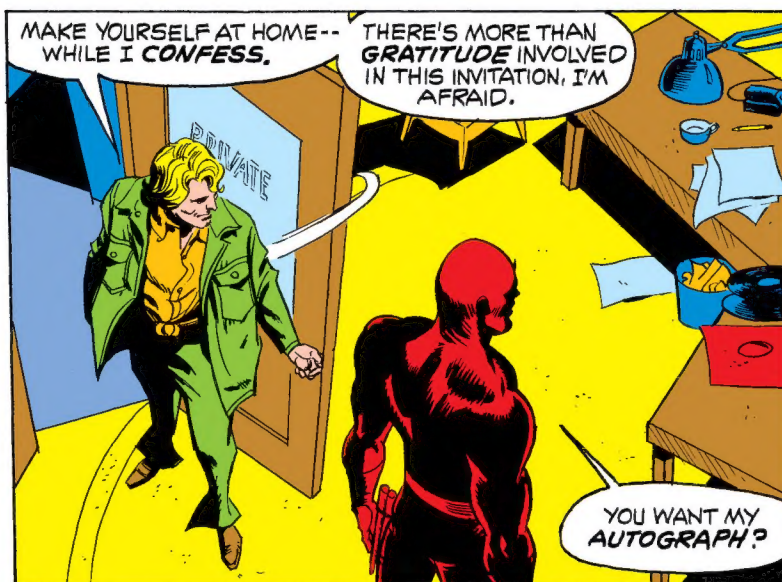
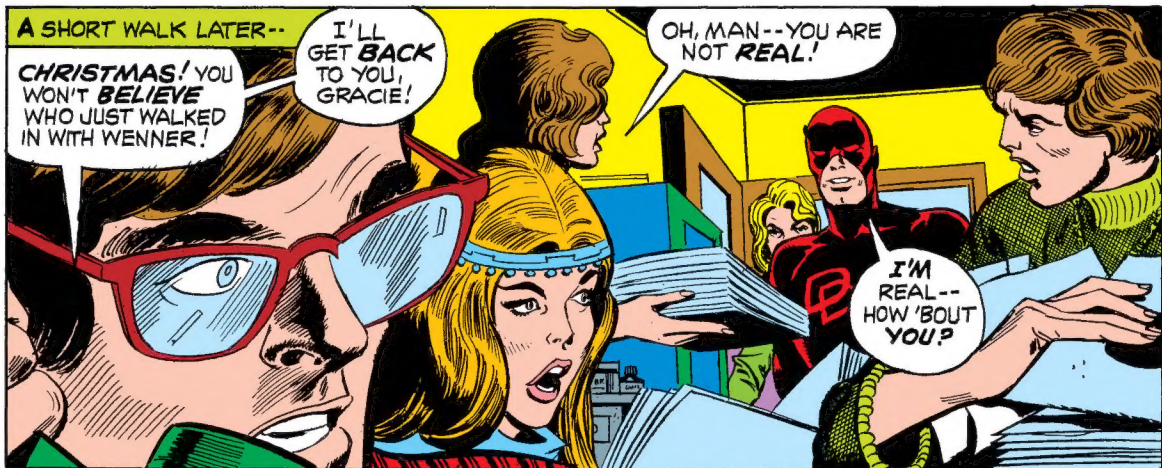
HEADS UP, PUNKS! DD'S BACK IN TOWN!

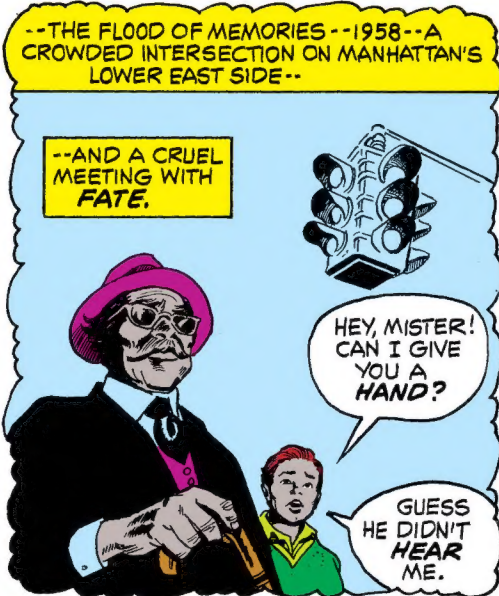
IT'S **DAREDEVIL!!** TAKE HIM!











TURMOIL: NERVE ENDINGS BRISTLE--HORN SOUNDS DEATH MESSAGE--SIGHTS HARD TO RECALL--

BEEP

-- BUT FEELINGS, SOUNDS COME **RUSHING** BACK-- HEART POUNDING, MUSCLES TAUT---

DECISION MADE! BOUNDING FORWARD-- HAVE TO **SAVE HIM--**

-- **WHATEVER** THE COST---

A LEAP--A TACKLE-- BOY STRIKES MAN---

TRUCK STRIKES BOY!

DANGER RADIO ACTIVE

"MY EYES!"--

BLACKNESS!

OF COURSE, WHEN I **AWOKE** LATER IN THE HOSPITAL, I DISCOVERED MY **RADAR SENSE**, AND--

◻ AHEM: UH, **DD**-- YOUR **MIND'S** WANDERING.

MAY WE **CONTINUE**?

HMMM...? OH! SURE, GO AHEAD...

I'M CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR **NAME**. HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO CHOOSE "**DAREDEVIL**"?

YOU WON'T BELIEVE **THIS**, EITHER.

IT WAS WHAT THE KIDS ON THE **BLOCK** CALLED ME---

-- BECAUSE I WAS SO **BOOKWORMISH**.

SOMEHOW, IT SEEMED **LOGICAL** AT THE TIME...

WASN'T THERE **ANOTHER** WHO PRECEDED YOU-- ?

NOW, **WAIT**-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE **SECOND** **DAREDEVIL**.

THE **BROTHER** OF THAT BLIND LAWYER, **MATT MURDOCK**?



CAUGHT
AGAIN
IN THE
"BIG LIE".

UH, WELL,
ACTUALLY---
MIKE MURDOCK
AND I WERE
BOTH DAREDEVIL
AT FIRST.



WE SWITCHED OFF--
TOOK **TURNS**. BUT I
WAS THE ONE WHO
CHOSE THE NAME.

I WONDER-- WILL THAT ONE INSANE
IDEA OF CREATING A **THIRD**
IDENTITY FOR MYSELF **EVER**
STOP PLAGUING ME?



YOU'RE **HIDING**
MORE THAN YOU'RE
TELLING, DD.

NOT **EXACTLY**
THE MAKINGS
OF AN IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW.

OF **COURSE!**
THERE ARE
THINGS I **CAN'T**
TELL YOU.



THERE ARE
SOME THINGS
I CAN'T TELL
ANYONE!

WHY DO YOU
THINK I
HAVE TO
WEAR A
MASK?



BECAUSE OF A
PROMISE I CAN
NEVER BREAK--

YOU'RE
GONNA **STUDY,**
MATT---
BECOME A
LAWYER, OR
A DOCTOR--

NOT A PUG-
UGLY
SCRAPPER
LIKE ME.

OKAY,
DAD.

BATTLING MURDOCK, A PRIZEFIGHTER
PAST HIS PRIME-- WHOSE ONLY HOPE OF
JUSTIFYING HIS EXISTENCE RESTS IN HIS **SON.**

AND **YOUNG MATT MURDOCK,**
WHO COULD NOT CONFINED HIM-
SELF TO SCHOLARLY PURSUITS,
AND SO TRAINED **SECRETLY--**



--KEEPING HIS **BODY**
AS FIT AS HIS **MIND.**

THE ELDER MURDOCK
DIED YEARS LATER
AT GANGSTERS' HANDS,
WHEN HE REFUSED TO
"THROW" A FIGHT--

BAM

AND THE VENGEANCE MATT
SOUGHT AGAINST HIS FATHER'S
MURDERERS LED HIM TO ADOPT
THE GUISE OF--

DAREDEVIL! OH,
WHAT'S THE USE? EVERY
TIME I ASK YOU
SOMETHING
HEAVY--

--YOU
DRIFT
OFF
INTO
LIMBO!

SUDDENLY, FROM THE STREET--



GOOD LORD!
SOMEONE'S IN
AGONY DOWN--

THE SENTENCE IS NEVER
FINISHED. FOR WHAT MAN
CAN *SPEAK*-- WHEN
REALITY HAS ABANDONED
HIM?



THE FLOOR
AND WALLS OF
WENNER'S OFFICE
MELT AND FLOW
AWAY--

--HURLING MAGAZINE EDITOR
AND MAN WITHOUT FEAR INTO A
MAELSTROM OF MADNESS...

...UNTIL...

OH, WOW--I
BELIEVE IN THE
COSMIC GIGGLE,
MAN....

...BUT THIS
IS MORE LIKE
A GALACTIC
BELLY
LAUGH!

WHERE
ARE WE?



BEFORE DD CAN ATTEMPT TO
REPLY--

THE EARTH YAWNS OPEN *BENEATH* THEM--

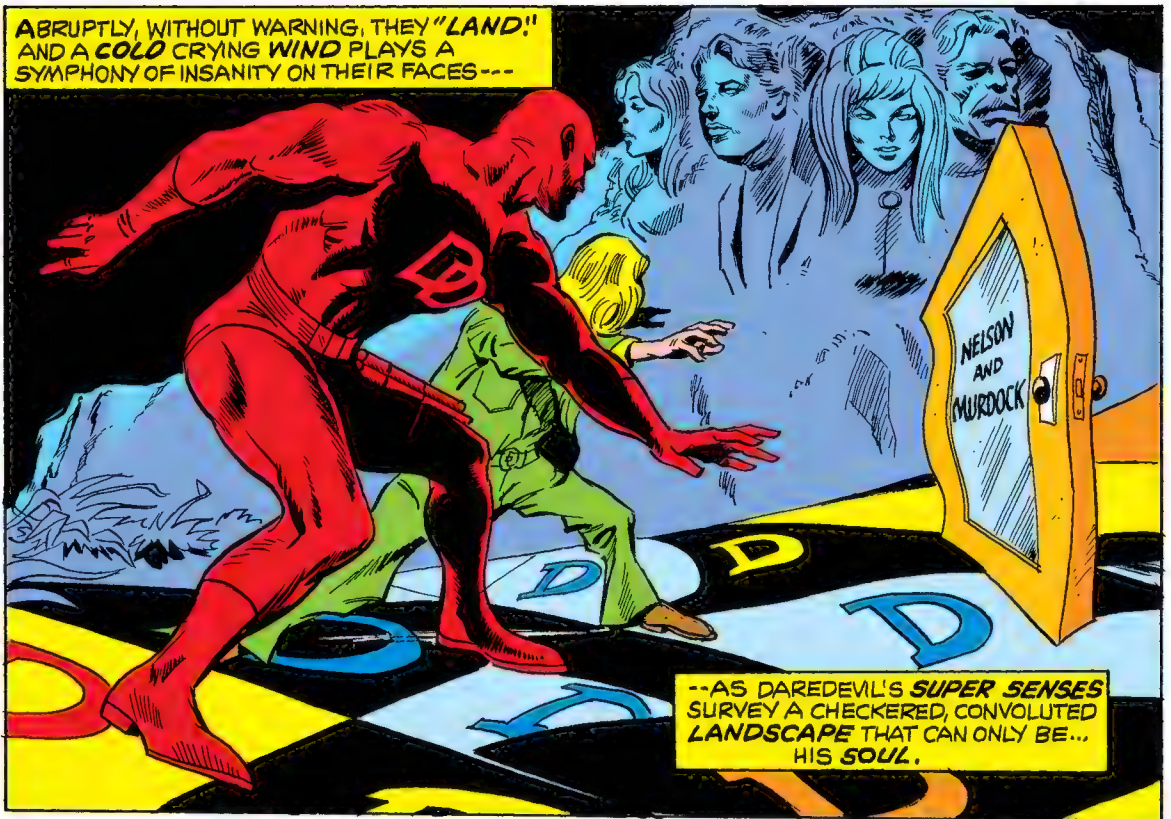


--AND THEY PLUNGE INTO THE *VOID*,

AND, THEN, FROM A DARK
CORNER OF SPACE--

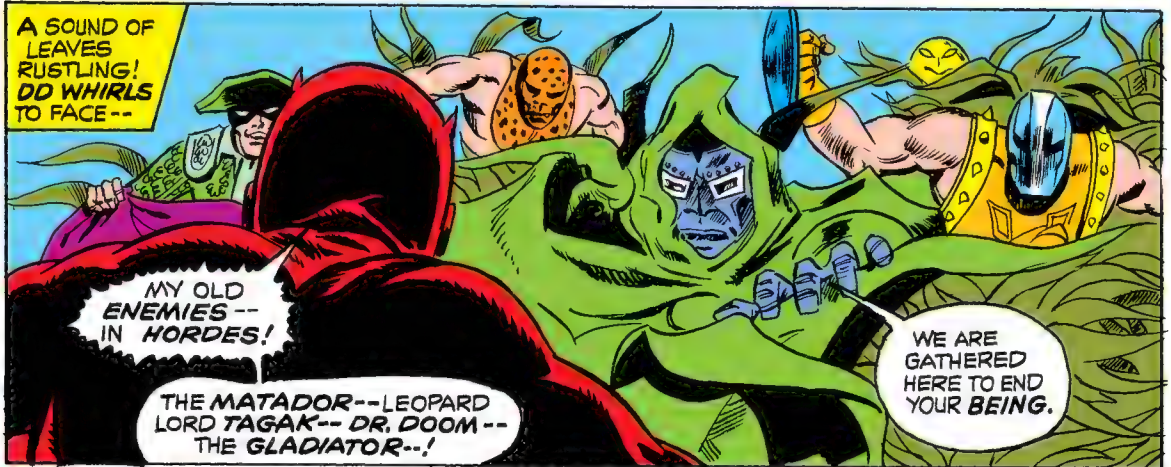


ABRUPTLY, WITHOUT WARNING, THEY "LAND!"
AND A **COLD** CRYING WIND PLAYS A
SYMPHONY OF INSANITY ON THEIR FACES---



--AS DAREDEVIL'S **SUPER SENSES**
SURVEY A CHECKERED, CONVOLUTED
LANDSCAPE THAT CAN ONLY BE...
HIS **SOUL**.

A SOUND OF
LEAVES
RUSTLING!
DO WHIRLS
TO FACE--



MY OLD
ENEMIES--
IN **HORDES!**

THE **MATADOR**--LEOPARD
LORD **TAGAK**--**DR. DOOM**--
THE **GLADIATOR**--!

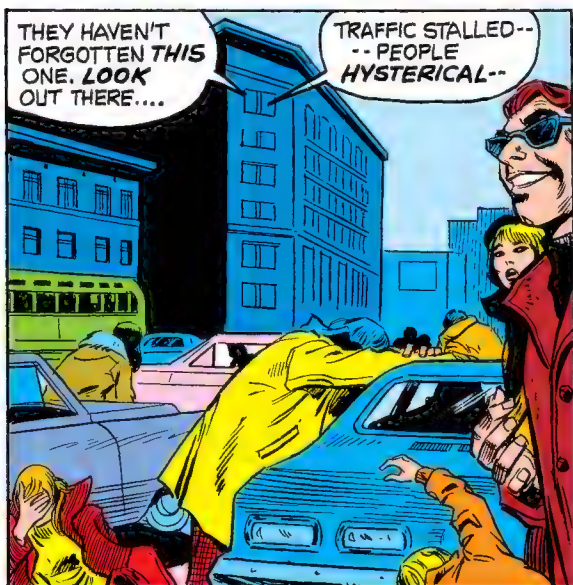
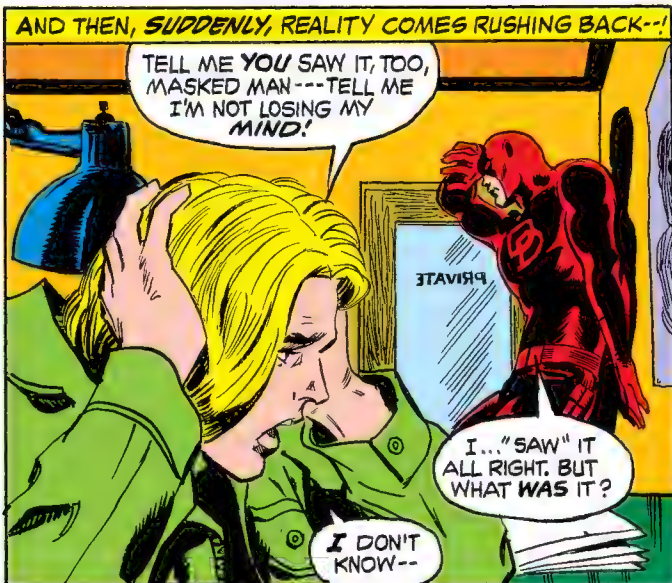
WE ARE
GATHERED
HERE TO END
YOUR **BEING**.

TOO MANY OF THEM--
THERE'S NO **ESCAPE!**
WE'VE **HAD IT!**



AND THEN--
NOTHING!
ONLY **CLEAR,**
WHITE **LIGHT.**

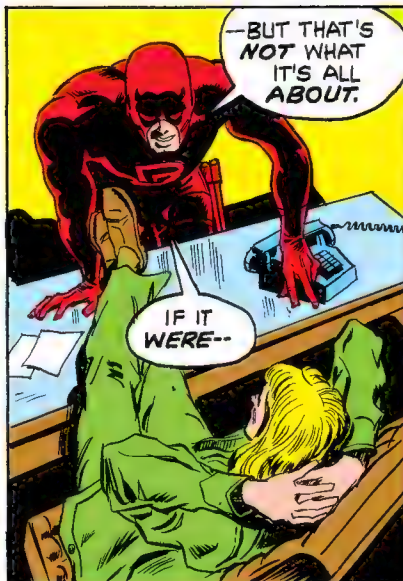






LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN
PRIVATE **H-BOMB**--HANGING
OVER YOU NIGHT AND DAY?

YOU'RE
CLOSE.
THAT'S WHAT
IT FEELS
LIKE--



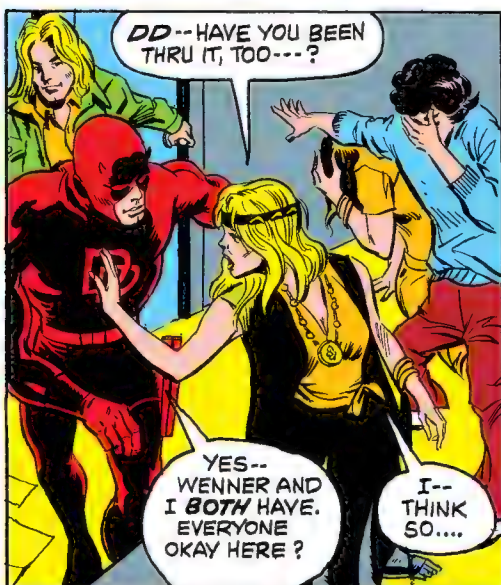
--BUT THAT'S
NOT WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT.

IF IT
WERE--



--ANY OF US
COULD JUST THROW
AWAY HIS **LONGJOHNS**
AND WALK AWAY
FROM IT WHEN--
EVER HE
WANTED.

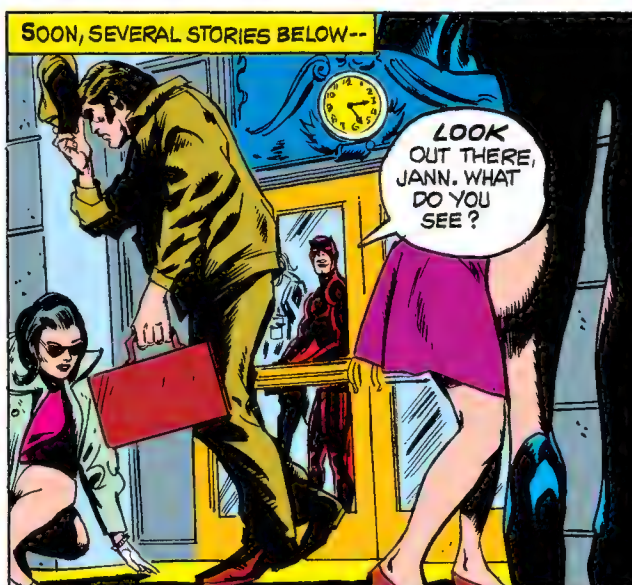
COME
WITH ME--



DD--HAVE YOU BEEN
THRU IT, TOO---?

YES--
WENNER AND
I **BOTH** HAVE.
EVERYONE
OKAY HERE?

I--
THINK
SO....



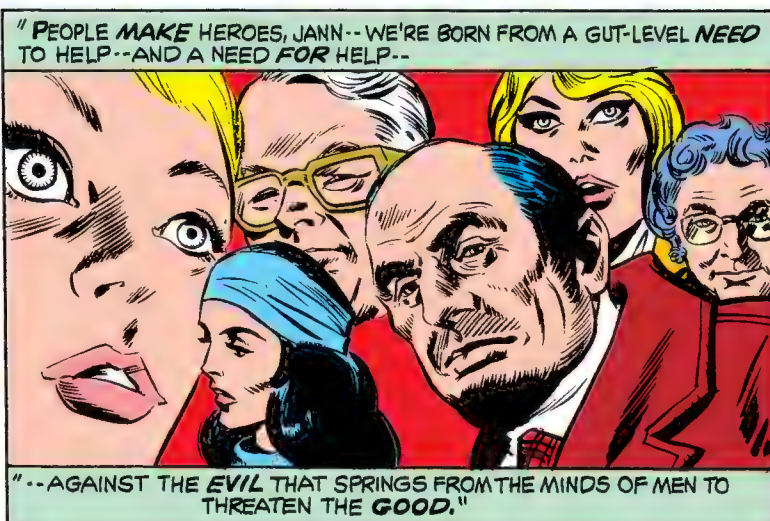
SOON, SEVERAL STORIES BELOW--

LOOK
OUT THERE,
JANN. WHAT
DO YOU
SEE?



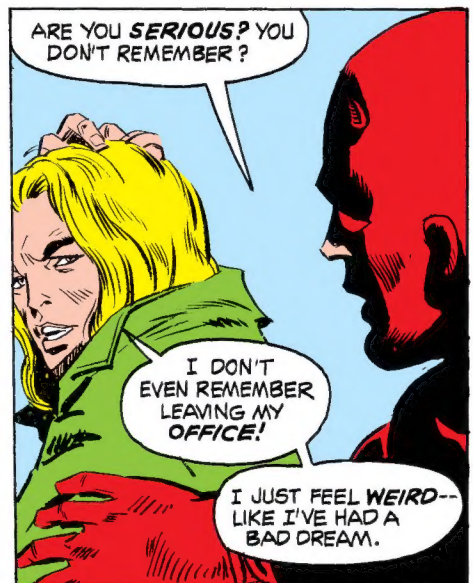
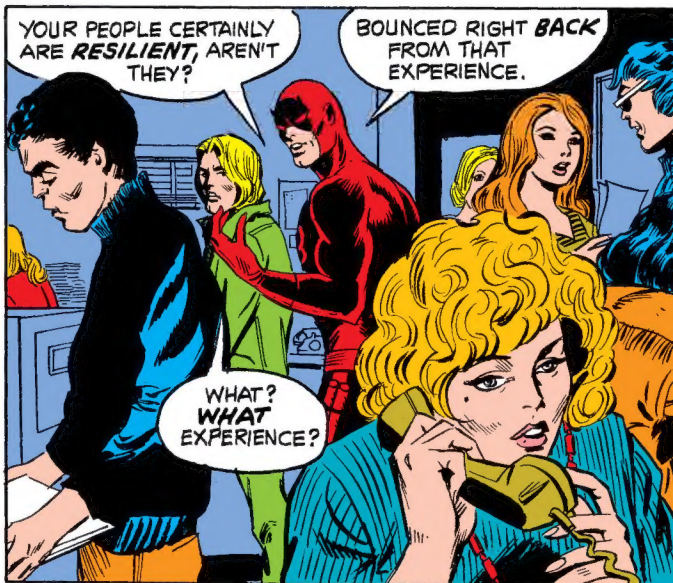
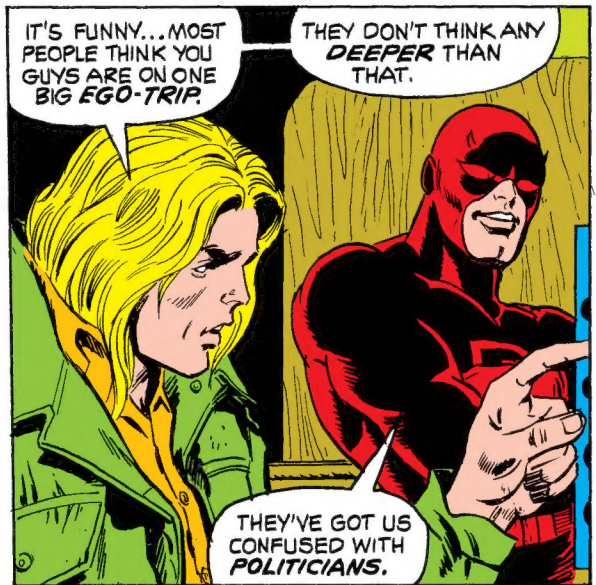
THE AFTERMATH OF
A--WHAT?--**DISASTER**,
I GUESS.

LOOK
AGAIN,
MAN. IT'S
PEOPLE.



"PEOPLE **MAKE** HEROES, JANN--WE'RE BORN FROM A GUT-LEVEL **NEED**
TO HELP--AND A NEED FOR HELP--

"--AGAINST THE **EVIL** THAT SPRINGS FROM THE MINDS OF MEN TO
THREATEN THE **GOOD**."

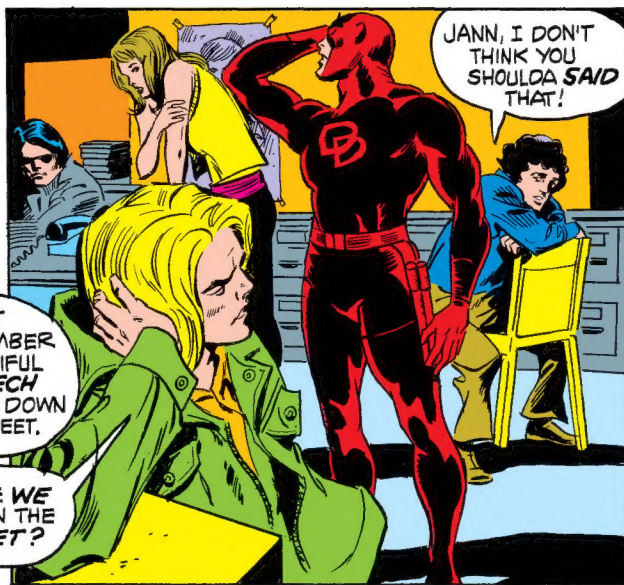




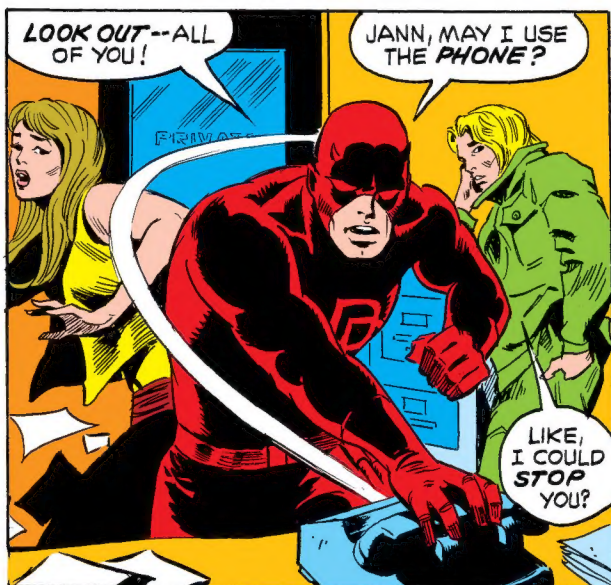
YOU THINK I'VE GONE CRAZY, DON'T YOU!

YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT BEAUTIFUL LITTLE *SPEECH* I GAVE YOU DOWN ON THE STREET.

WERE WE OUT ON THE STREET?



JANN, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD'A SAID THAT!



LOOK OUT--ALL OF YOU!

JANN, MAY I USE THE *PHONE*?

LIKE, I COULD STOP YOU?



SEVEN DIGITS LATER, LT. PAUL CARSON--

SURE, HORN-HEAD --WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

OH-- THAT!

YEAH, WE'VE HAD *REPORTS* OF SECTIONS OF THE CITY JUST GOING, EH, GA-GA---



BUT NOBODY REMEMBERS *PARTICULARS*-- ONLY THAT THEY WERE SCARED SILLY--

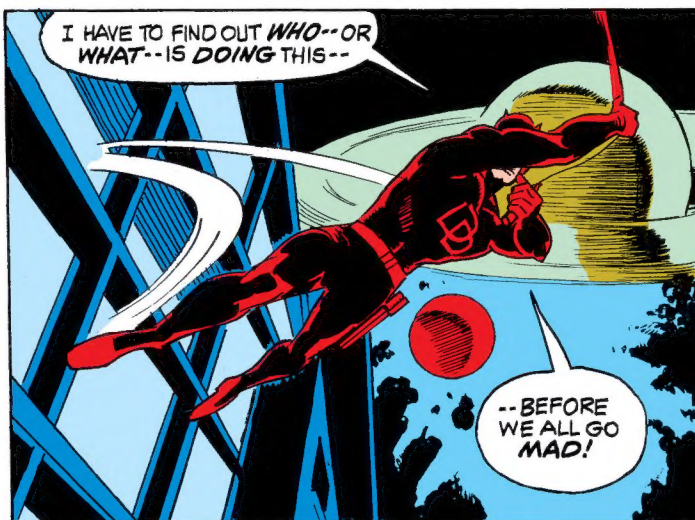
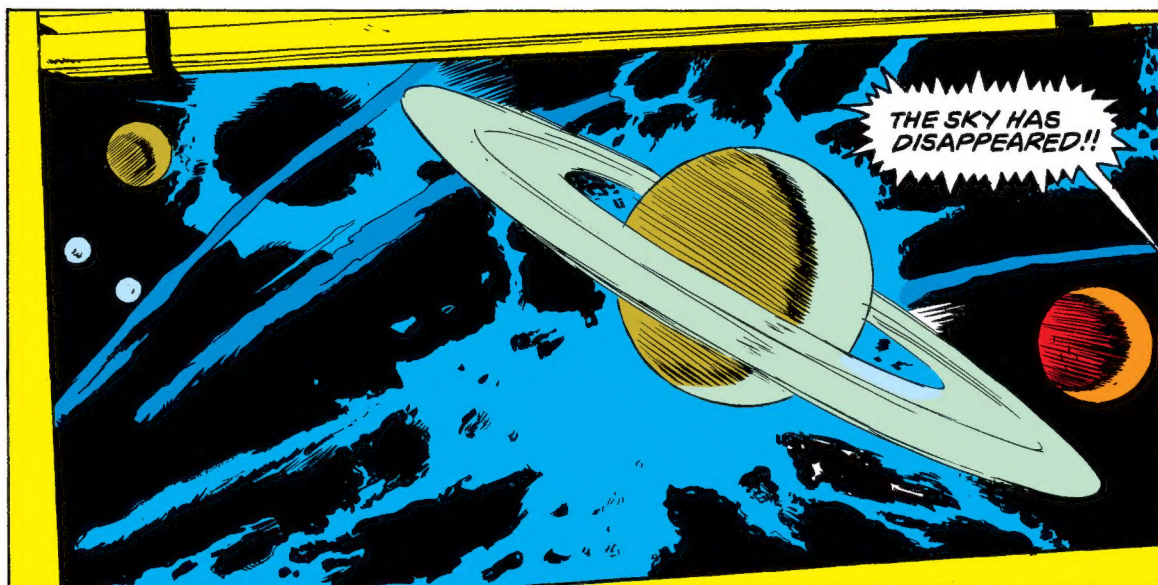
-- AND THAT THEY HEARD A BLOOD-CURLING *SCREAM*.



BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU AND TASHA *SPLITTING UP*?

I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS IT, PAUL.

THANKS FOR THE *HELP*, THOUGH.





FOOTFALLS--THUNDERING
ON THE PAYEMENT---A
CROWD!

THEY'RE
RUNNING
THIS WAY--
AWAY FROM
SOMETHING--

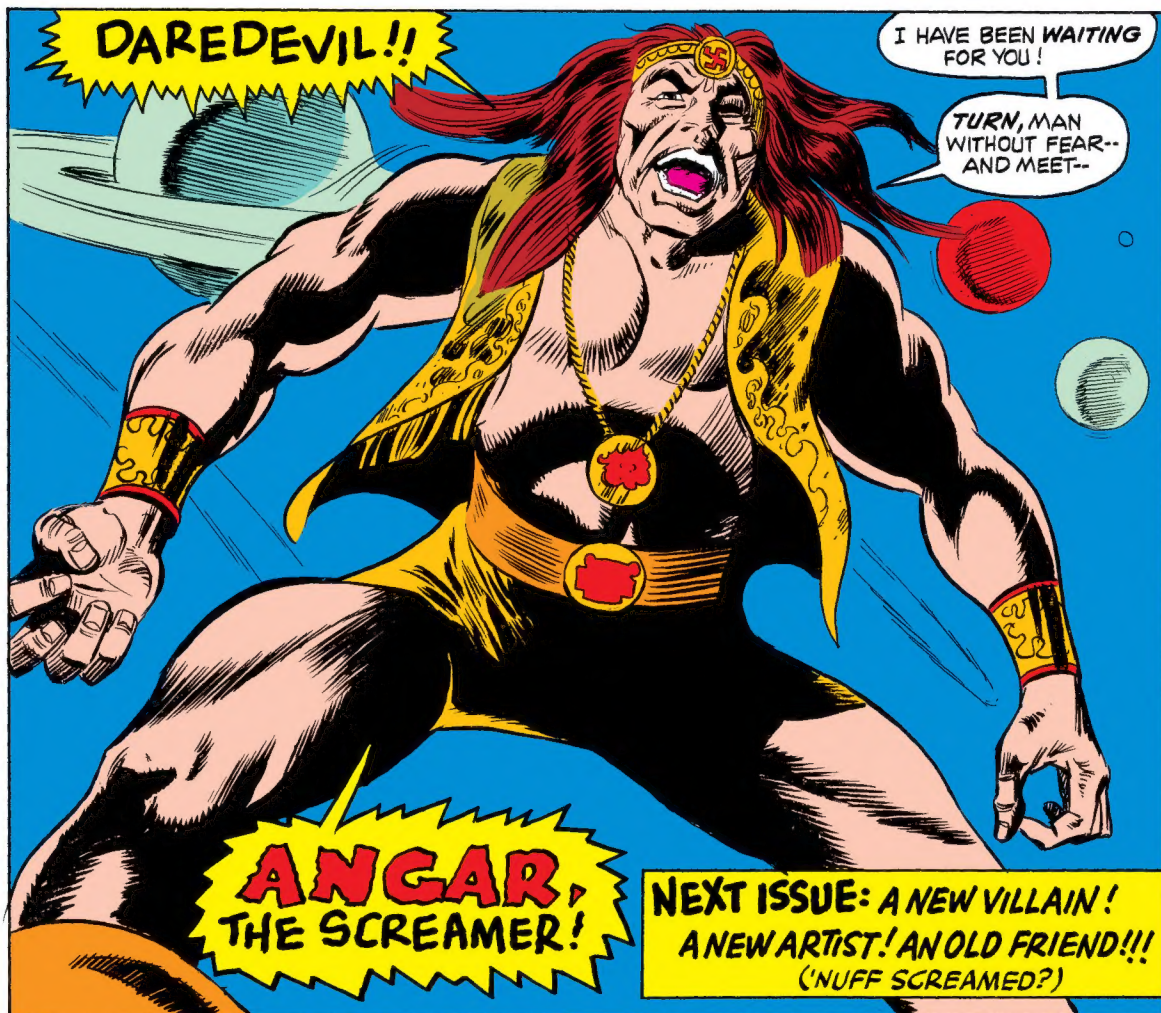
A MAN--A YOUNG MAN,
JUDGING BY HIS HEART-
BEAT!



TALL--MUSCULAR--BUT
THERE'S SOMETHING
DIFFERENT ABOUT
HIM!

IT'S HIS WALK...HIS
MANNER...THE WAY THE
WIND CATCHES HIS
HAIR--

EVERYTHING
ABOUT HIM
SHOUTS---
CHAOS!



DAREDEVIL!!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!

TURN, MAN
WITHOUT FEAR--
AND MEET--

**ANGAR
THE SCREAMER!**

**NEXT ISSUE: A NEW VILLAIN!
A NEW ARTIST! AN OLD FRIEND!!!
(NUFF SCREAMED?)**